

TOMBSTONE EPITAPH.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

MEEK & MADERO.

Fourth Street, between Fremont and Allen
Tombstone, Cochise County, Arizona.

ENTERED IN THE POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE LATE INDIAN OUTRAGE.

So much has been said and written by citizens and the press of Arizona in past years concerning Indian outrages that the subject has become trite. But our only hope of ever obtaining relief is by continually making our troubles known, and to continue to besiege the proper authorities for protection. Ever since a small band of Indians escaped from General Miles when he captured Geronimo about three years ago, the papers of Southern Arizona have, from time to time, contained accounts of their depredations as they flitted around the country, almost as elusive as the will-o-the-wisp. For the first few months they confined their depredations to Mexican territory, but of late, emboldened by the immunity accorded them, and the reinforcements obtained from San Carlos, they have been committing depredations in Arizona. A few weeks since the EPITAPH in giving an account of one of their raids in the southern portion of this county, predicted that it would not be long before they began killing. The prediction has been sadly verified by the brutal murder of a stranger who came to our county in search of health and recreation—a man who had never seen an Apache and who had never had an opportunity to trespass on the reservation or do them an injury. This murder of Hardie should open the eyes of eastern people to the nature of the Apache. It makes no difference to them who their victims are, whether friend or foe, soldier or civilian. They kill merely for plunder and the fun of seeing the unfortunates fall.

In the face of the continued depredations by these Indians the authorities at San Carlos have insisted that no Indians were out, yet, when brought to face the last murder, and the forcible presenting of the case by the Coroner's jury, General Miles admits that a party of Apaches have been at large for some time, and even goes so far as to name the different individuals comprising the band. Being aware of these facts and knowing the Apache nature, why in the name of heaven did he not take what precautions were in his power to prevent this last murder? It is true Arizona owes General Miles a debt of gratitude for capturing Geronimo, shipping him out of the country and using his influence to prevent his return, but in the light of Mr. Hardie's death, our citizens have a right to complain that, owing to his supineness, brought on by promotion, he has allowed a small band of Indians to work their will during the past two years.

The San Francisco Chronicle and Los Angeles Express have always been friendly toward Arizona and rendered her justice, but the EPITAPH begs leave to differ with them when they say that it makes no difference where army headquarters are—that Los Angeles is as good or better than any point in Arizona. The Express says that Los Angeles is better point than Prescott. In that we agree with them. For years there have been no Indian troubles in the northern portion of the Territory, it is remote from the scene of Indian depredations and the maintenance of troops there is a useless expense. But Tucson or Fort Huachuca are much better places for headquarters. Both places are in the heart of the country subject to outbreaks from San Carlos, and that is the place where the commander of the department should be to direct movements, and not six hundred miles away.

Tucson has woken up again, and again most positively declares that she is going to build that everlasting road to Mammoth. Indeed, Tucson was almost thrown into a fit when it was discovered that Benson is in earnest about building a road to Mammoth, and the "wealth and aristocracy" called a hurried meeting at the Commercial Club rooms and indulged in their usual harmless amusement of getting up resolutions and subscribing a dollar and six bits. But it remains to be seen whether or not this will exhaust them. It is an even bet that they will go to sleep again and remain in that condition until Benson builds the road and secures the trade of the camp. The EPITAPH will bet on Benson. It would be better if our Board of Supervisors would save a few dollars on useless skylights and extravagant expenditures at the county hospital and put the money in roads. Such action would be more beneficial to the general public.

THE following significant letter to Governor Wolfley was published in the Arizona Republican of a recent date. It shows that President Harrison has got tired of the quarrels in Arizona, and has taken the occasion of Mr. Christ's appointment, and the bitter opposition it called forth, to express his opinion on the state of affairs at present existing in the Republican party in Arizona. We hope the suggestions contained in the President's letter will be acted on. The Republican party, in the face of the approaching election, cannot afford to fritter away of its strength in internecine strife. For various reasons, the Democratic party will make a most determined effort to capture the legislature, and as there are but two counties that can be relied upon to send a Republican delegation, Cochise and Mohave, it behooves the party in the doubtful counties to stop quarreling, close up their ranks and use their utmost endeavors to elect Republicans to the Legislature next fall. The letter is as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
May 16, 1890.

HON. LEWIS WOLFLEY, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.—My Dear Governor:—The President desires me to write to you and say that after a full and thorough consideration of the matter between himself and the Secretary, the appointment of Mr. Christ as collector at Nogales has been determined upon. He has made an exhaustive investigation of the charges affecting his moral character, and he believes them to have been fairly met and disposed of by Mr. Christ. He understands and appreciates, of course, the lack of personal harmony between you and Mr. Christ, but he has little tolerance for that sort of quarrel, and hopes that the efficiency of the administration of affairs in Arizona will not in any wise be imperiled by reason of this.

Certainly in your official conduct, if not in your personal relations, it will be a great advantage if the difference between you could be composed, or at least forgotten for the time. The President wanted me to write you about it in this way, and to let you know that the appointment has not been made to embarrass you, but on the contrary, that a better state of feeling and better results to the public and party might obtain from the determination that he has reached. I am quite certain that Mr. Christ himself will be ready and anxious to meet you more than half way in having an amicable and satisfactory conduct public affairs.

E. S. HALFORD,
Private Secretary.

JIM CHATHAM declines to be muzzled because he is postmaster. Good for you, old boy. The muzzling process was attempted on the EPITAPH a short time ago, and we can appreciate how you feel.

No organizations in the United States have multiplied more rapidly in the past ten years than the sick-benefit, funeral aid, death-benefit, and other kindred societies.

As they are generally confined to those who are in the humbler walks of life, the good they have done is incalculable, carrying substantial aid to thousands of stricken families and inspiring those who are fortunate enough in being members with a courage which might not exist in their hearts without them.

The members of these organizations will be glad to learn that Hon. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Eleventh Census, will endeavor to secure the statistics of the noble work these associations are doing, and it is safe to say that no other branch of the census will be more interesting.

The business of gathering the data has been placed in charge of Mr. Charles A. Jenney, special agent of the insurance division, 58 William street, New York City, and all associations throughout the United States, whether incorporated or private, should assist by sending him the address of their principal officers.



Citizen—So you think of locating here?
Physician—Yes, I thought some of practicing among you.
Citizen—See here, young man, there's a good opening here for a man as understands his biz, but we don't want no practicing, or experimenting—doctoring's what we want!
Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present, alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent or overbusy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some woman disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his "practice" until large bills are made. The suffering patient goes on from year to year, but probably worse by reason of the wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's, entirely removes the disease, and restores the patient to health, and by so doing, expelling all those distressing and painful symptoms, and instituting comfort in the system.

Dr. Pierce's medicine for the weakness, irregularities and painful derangement of the female system, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will give satisfaction in every case, or price \$1.00 paid for it will be promptly refunded.

Impenitent Jottings.

One of the greatest surprises to Herbert Spencer when he visited the United States, was the scanty regard in which the people hold their liberty. American freedom is a name connoting conditions better obtainable in other countries than ours. No intelligent person can witness the crimes committed here the name of liberty, without astonishment and regret.

The unanimous voice with which the average American lifts to heaven his wail for "law and order" is humorous. The affected reverence with which the law is looked upon is farcical. No other people in the world hold "law and order" in such utter contempt as do the Americans when ever those elements of government become oppressive or faultily agreeable to our especial selves, our party, or our clan. We urge with vehement insistence the duty of all to observe the law, but reserve to ourselves the privilege of ignoring it if necessary or convenient. We exempt ourselves by special dispensation from the law whenever it conflicts with our own interests or inclinations, denying at the same time most strenuously the same right to our neighbors. "Walk straight," say we to our neighbor, "or I'll have the law on you."

If an individual declares by word or action that the laws of the land are not binding on him, he is regarded with doubt and distrust, looked upon as an anarchist in fact, his utterances reprobated, his society shunned, and his methods regarded with suspicion. In short he is considered as one inimical to society, as one whose plans should be stopped at all hazards. When an officer, sworn to sustain the law proclaims by his official action that it is not binding on him, violates it, and protects those who also violate it, what term are we to apply to him? Is it not anarchy? Is he not an anarchist?

For example, is the obstinate abdication of duty on the part of the Board of Supervisors, during the past year, in which they have ostentatiously defied and contemptuously subverted various laws, and in consequence thereof extracted money from the already overburdened taxpayers, to put it into the pockets of their dependents, and perhaps their own also, to be looked upon as a phase of anarchy? It may be that the laws are wrong, but that is not the question. What is patent is, that magistrates sworn to honestly enforce the laws have repudiated them. But then I presume that Mr. Coffman looks upon the laws as he does upon his integrity—as a thing to be kept in obscurity and subordinate to the demands of necessity.

In reply to complaints of increasing taxation, "Twas said long ago that 'twould never be higher. And now, in the light of the latest scrutiny, I beg leave to ask you: Who was that d-d liar?"

This month is called May, because Mr. Montgomery may be able to tell where he was born, or he may not.

Appropos of the elevation of one of our most popular and genial saloon-keepers recently to a city office is the following: Feeling that his new dignity required a little embellishment to his bar, he bought some new ware, and with it two of those little perforated spice or pepper bottles. Wishing them marked in a distinctive way, he said to his assistant: "Take these and have them both marked 'S.' " "What for," asked the assistant. "One for salt the other for cinnamon, you d-d fool. Go along now." If this isn't true then it was written by the editor of the Arizona Kicker, if it is then am I the author.

Coffman inquired of his "dokter" one day, "Can you keep a secret concerning some ground?"

The "dokter" replied: "I scarcely can say, it's hard to keep anything when you are around."

Arizona was rapidly attaining a reputation as a health resort which the murder of Mr. Hardie, of Los Angeles, is likely to interfere with if not to destroy, for as between the bullet of the deadly Apache, and the more lingering and uncertain though equally deadly doctor and disease, it seems probable that the judicious invalid will prefer the methods of his civilization to those of ours in achieving euthanasia.

It is now some months since General Miles was notified that a band of Apaches was raiding the border, stealing stock, robbing ranches, and occasionally killing an isolated cowboy. No attention was paid to the warning, however, beyond exercising the troops in making the heliograph signal—"No Indians in sight,"—and the band gradually has augmented until at present there are nearly as many Indians on the war path, as at the time General Miles made his famous campaign which resulted in the transportation to Florida of the Chiricahuas. The nucleus of this band is or was six Indians that escaped from General Miles when Geronimo surrendered to

him. They have killed on an average about two people a month ever since, mostly Mexicans, occasionally including a white man in their missionary efforts. On this side of the line not the slightest effort ever has been made to capture them since they escaped. They have been followed constantly by Mexicans and three are known to have been killed. In spite of this salutary diminution, however, the hostiles now are increasing in a geometrical ratio, and their outrages likewise. The more recent of those outrages, the killing of Mr. Hardie, of Los Angeles, is likely to cause the military a little panging irritation by reason of the adverse criticism they will be called on to bear, let us hope with christian fortitude. It is greatly to be feared however, that this annoyance will be but trifling for heaven has seen fit to deny to them the ability to know how richly they deserve the damnings which are heaped upon them. They are better fitted to duplicate their pay accounts than they are to perform their military duties; though if I mistake not the duplication of pay accounts is looked upon by most of them as belonging to the "secret military service." May the good God kill them!

Inquiry at any time during the past few months would have put the army onto the trail of these Indians, for they have robbed, murdered, been seen, and have traveled over the entire country from the Sierra Madre to San Carlos repeatedly. No doubt, however, our "brave defenders" are engaged in evolving from what they are pleased to call their brain, the patent hole of which I spoke some time ago, something they can crawl into and pull in after them whenever Indians or other danger erroneously supposed incident to their calling is nigh.

In the dispatch concerning the death of Mr. Hardie sent to the President by the Coroner's jury is a phrase, which in the absence of evidence I am obliged to ascribe to that unearthly critic, the editor of the Prospector, and which is doubtless culled from his forthcoming work on "English as she'd oughter be writ," intended for use in the public schools of Arizona. Here it is: "Yesterday, one Robert Hardie was shot." This speaking of an individual as "one" so-and-so, is—as a witty and dry (always dry) local friend of mine said not long ago—like looking at a person through reversed opera glasses, in order to remove the object of vision to a desired indistinguishable distance and contemptible size that makes the contemptuous term "one" so-and-so seem applicable, at least to the mind of the one using it. I would venture to remind the gentlemen of the jury that such an expression is imperfectly courteous even in Arizona circles. Mr. Robert Hardie, of Los Angeles, was not "one Robert Hardie."

For example, if I were to speak of "one Bag of Tombstone" the intent of the speaker would be expressed with precision, while the justice and force of the application would be admitted by all without dispute.

The letter of Mr. George W. Cheyney, addressed to General Miles, and the statement of General Miles to a San Francisco newspaper reporter that the band of Indians now out is a particular gang, which he specified, and that they have committed no other outrages than the killing of Mr. Hardie on this side of the line, requires comment. The letter of Mr. Cheyney is a good presentation of the case to General Miles, but it is half-hearted. General Miles is handled with a severity which hardly exceeds or ventures outside the domain of gentleness. The apology to him venturing to even mention the methods of so great a man comport itself with the facts of the case or the needs of the situation. There is no more reason to look upon the unworth of General Miles with leniency than to have done the same to the incapacity of General Crook. There are many—and not friends of General Crook, either—who are inclined to doubt just a little the claims of General Miles' adherents of his superiority to General Crook as a man or an officer. Incompetency or neglectful inaction is no more to be commended in General Miles than was ill-judgment and inutile measures of General Crook. General Miles holds his claim to the esteem of the people of Arizona by no more precarious tenure than his continuous efforts in well-doing and a proper attention to the exigencies of the Indian question.

General Miles came to the Department of Arizona about three years ago, heralded by a blare of adulation, founded upon his desire to secure promotion over General Crook. He acted with skill and energy and succeeded in all of his undertakings, even to the attainment of the promotion that bids fair to put him at the head of the army in a few years. Since that time he has done nothing toward carrying out the plans so precisely outlined in his first official orders—that

of making Arizona too hot to hold a hostile Indian. The temperature really seems to be about as it always has been—pleasantly comfortable.

The policy of deportation of the Indians, which General Miles advocated and carried out so successfully in the case of Geronimo and his band, has always been pleaded for by Arizona, but no one ever before "stood in" with her to accomplish the good work until General Miles took it in hand and fought the measure through. For that and his opposition to Geronimo's return we are indebted to General Miles. But with that one effort he has ceased; he has adopted a course of administrative nihilism and the result is likely to make a stir.

As long as only Arizonans are killed and their property destroyed and stolen the country and the army rest in peace; the sacrifice of a stranger is required to open eyes which should have unclouded before. Perhaps if we could succeed in inducing one or two of the Puritanical philanthropists of the east to come here to investigate the Apache nature, we would put no obstacles in the way of their sudden demise, and Arizona might be freed from the one drawback to her rapid advancement.

Now for the facts upon which the adverse criticisms of General Miles are based: When the surrender of Geronimo was assured to General Miles four Indians left his camp, near Fort Bowie, and did not return. That band was augmented in a short time until it numbered seven. Not one of the seven has ever surrendered; they are still out. True, they have been to and from the reservation often, but merely for social and business purposes; to pay visits of condolence to their so rigidly imprisoned friends and to renew their supplies of ammunition. No effort has ever been made to capture that band, either at the time of their escape, or since, by United States troops. They have killed on an average of one person a month ever since they first left the camp of Geronimo. They have stolen nearly two hundred head of horses and killed many horned cattle. The Mexicans have succeeded in killing three of the band and a gallant English officer four more; yet to-day they number nearly thirty, by actual count. Whence their origin? Certainly not the reservation, for we have the assurances of General Miles and his subordinates that only twelve Indians are absent and that even they are "near the reservation." In the absence of revelation we are compelled to believe their home is in heaven. In the past six months, a little more or less, this band of heaven-descended Indians has killed, on the American side of the line, three persons, and on the other as many more. A month or two ago they became so annoying to the Mexicans that Colonel Juan Fenochio, the Commandant of the Border Police of Sonora, started on a tour of investigation and to ascertain the exact nature of the situation and to try to arrange for the troops of each nation to cross the line in pursuit of Indians. He came, in the course of his trip, to Tombstone, and telegraphed to San Carlos to inquire how many Indians were out. He remained two days and left without receiving the courtesy of a definite reply. After his departure an answer came stating that twelve Indians were out but were "near the reservation."

A short time after that reply was received in Tombstone and forwarded to Colonel Fenochio twenty Indians were robbing, burning and killing a few miles south of the line in Sonora. Whence came they? Colonel Fenochio reported as the result of his investigations that nineteen Indians were depredating I, from evidence which I consider reliable, put the number at twenty-four or five. This, with the seven known to have been killed, makes a very fair sized body, able to hold its way unopposed in almost any part of this sparsely settled country. If General Miles is ignorant of all this it is inexcusable, for the facts and rumors have been published time and again in various Territorial papers. A short time ago Mr. Colin Cameron published a warning to all travelers that a number of Indians had attacked his herders, near the line, and within a week after they "cleaned out" a ranch a short distance above the San Bernardino ranch, on this side of the line. A month ago General Miles was notified through the War Department that a band of savages, after having committed some outrages in Sonora, was near to the San Bernardino ranch, but not a step was taken by any member of the army in Arizona or California to verify that assertion or to intercept that band. And now after another killing, noteworthy because it was not an Arizonan, we have active movement on the part of the troops. After the occasion has passed the army is going to act. Let us hope there will be no cessation this time until General Miles accomplishes his boast.

Children Enjoy

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

I. S. Dotsen, Justice of the Peace and Merchant of Bristol, Ill., says he can recommend St. Patrick's Pills. "I have used them," he says, "and know whereof I speak." Any one troubled with constipation or biliousness will find them a friend. For sale by H. J. Peto.

Don't Go Off Before You Are Ready.

Particularly on a long journey. Be fully prepared. You cannot be permit us to say, unless you are accompanied with the traveler's and tourist's *vade mecum*, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most genial of appetizers, acclimatizers and promoters of digestion. Against sea sickness, malaria, cramps and colic begotten of badly cooked or unwholesome food and brackish water, nervousness, increased by travel, chronic biliousness and constipation, the Bitters is a sovereign preventive. It imparts a relish for food not altogether to your taste, and prevents it from disagreeing with you. Never was there such a capital thing for the unfortunate dyspeptic who stands in dread of the best cooked meal. Stomachic trouble caused by ill prepared viands aboard ship, on steamboats, and rations hastily bolted at railway restaurants, is soon remedied by the Bitters, which gives a quietus also to rheumatism, kidney troubles and insomnia.

SYRUP OF FIGS



Combines the juice of the Blue Figs of California, so laxative and nutritious, with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, forming the ONLY PERFECT REMEDY to act gently yet promptly on the

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

Cleanse the System Effectually.

PURE BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP, HEALTH AND STRENGTH

Naturally follow. Every one is using it and all are delighted with it. Ask your druggist for SYRUP OF FIGS. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Dr. B. Hamlin, of Lemoore, Cal., says a few dozen bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy which he sold there created such a demand for the remedy that he could not well get along without it. Those who use it find it so much superior to any other remedy they have ever tried that they recommend it to their friends, and that is what makes it so popular. For sale by H. J. Peto.



Pioneer Establishment.

(Ritter Building)

ALLEN STREET, OPPOSITE O. K. CORRAL.

FRARY & Co., Managers.

The largest and finest stock of Undertaking Goods in Arizona. We are prepared to do all work in our line in a first class manner. ALL OUR WORK GUARANTEED.

Bodies Embalmed

Or temporarily preserved at a trifling expense for shipment.

Satisfaction Given in All Respects.

Orders left at the O. K. Stable will receive prompt attention.

ALLEN WALKER, FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SUMMER SEA-SIDE RESORT.

CORONADO

With its agreeable marine atmosphere is the natural change for ARIZONIANS TO TAKE

During the Summer months, and every one can afford to visit it FOR HEALTH, REST, OR PLEASURE.

It is in the most charming marine climate in the world, and has The Largest and Most Magnificent Hotel, Where you have the most perfect service, at the lowest rates.

CORONADO, WITH ITS SURROUNDINGS,

Is the ideal summer sea-side resort, with an atmosphere ever soothing and restful, being constantly fanned by breezes from the ocean. Outdoor and indoor amusements in every variety.

NO CLAMMY FOGS.

Malarial diseases are soon eradicated. Hay fever is unknown in this region. Every breeze is laden with health, causing a sensation of continuous pleasure.

THE HOTEL DEL CORONADO

Is unrivaled anywhere for the display of refined taste, and the elegance of its appointments, careful management, and the amount of physical comfort it furnishes its guests.

CORONADO NATURAL MINERAL WATER

Has many points of excellence. Being perfectly pure, it is one of nature's best tonics to the system. Is a specific in bladder and kidney troubles, and immediately relieves gout and rheumatism.

RATES FOR THE SUMMER SEASON

Will be made very reasonable, ranging as low as \$2.00 per day by the month. Transients, \$3.00 per day and upward, according to room. For full information, apply to

E. S. BABCOCK, JR., Manager,
Hotel del Coronado, Coronado, San Diego Co., Cal.

PROCLAMATION OF REWARD.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME GREETING:

Whereas, It has come to my knowledge that on the eleventh day of April last W. W. Lowther, Deputy Sheriff of Cochise County, in this Territory, and while in the discharge of his duty as such officer was brutally murdered by one JAMES DALY near the town of Bisbee.

[Said JAMES DALY is described as a man apparently 50 years of age—although several years younger—about six feet in height, round face, slightly pockmarked, sandy complexion, and moustache, blue eyes, about 190 pounds, scar on foot made by pistol shot; talks with strong Welsh accent.] and

Whereas, Said JAMES DALY thereupon, and after the commission of said crime did escape, and is still at large,

Now therefore, I, Lewis Wolfley, Governor of Arizona, by virtue of the power within me vested do hereby offer a reward in the sum of Five HUNDRED DOLLARS to be paid by the Treasurer of the Territory of Arizona, for the arrest and conviction of the said JAMES DALY.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the Territory to be affixed.

Done at Phoenix, the Capital, this 24th day of May 1890.

[SEAL] (Signed) LEWIS WOLFLEY.

By the Governor. (Signed) N. O. MURPHY, Secretary of Territory.

The Junetta mine will be sold by the Sheriff next Tuesday.

